

War God 56

Chapter 56: Sniping!

"Are you looking for me?"

The voice from behind startled the captain. He turned around stiffly, his body trembling uncontrollably.

Before him stood a tall, handsome man with a calm demeanor, radiating an ethereal and mysterious aura. His eyes, in particular, held a chilling indifference that made one shudder. What truly alarmed the captain, however, was that the man was holding two of his subordinates. They were already dead.

"You... you killed them?" the captain asked, his voice hoarse. He couldn't help but swallow hard.

"Since they came to kill me, they should have been prepared to be killed," Lin Mu said indifferently, casually tossing the two corpses to the ground.

The captain's heart seized, and he glanced left and right.

"Are you looking for the rest of your men?" Lin Mu asked calmly, his hands clasped behind his back.
"They've already reported to the Netherworld."

"What?" The captain's pupils shrank. He had brought twelve men with him this time. Besides the two who were with him, the other ten had been divided into five search teams. How much time has passed? Lin Mu killed all ten of them? And he did it without making a sound? My men didn't even manage to send a signal. Just how strong is this person?

"You'd better not make any sudden moves. I can assure you, I can snap your neck before you even draw your gun," Lin Mu said flatly, glancing at the captain.

The captain froze, a flicker of disbelief in his eyes. How did he know?

"Those men from this afternoon, they were yours too, weren't they?" Lin Mu asked, his gaze as cold as ice.

"No!" the captain denied immediately, shaking his head.

"A pity." Lin Mu shook his head with a slight sigh. "I gave you a chance, but you didn't know how to cherish it."

With that, Lin Mu began walking slowly toward the captain.

The captain's expression shifted constantly. His back was against a wall, flanked by piles of construction materials. There was no escape.

"I'll fight you to the death!" the captain suddenly roared, lunging at Lin Mu.

"You're overestimating yourself." A trace of mockery flashed in Lin Mu's eyes. Before the captain's fist could even reach him, he raised a hand and caught it.

BANG!

His palm clamped firmly around the other's fist. The captain's face changed, and he tried to change his attack, but it was too late. Lin Mu kicked out, sending him flying.

THUD!

The captain's body flew backward and crashed into a pile of gravel, the pain so intense he couldn't get up. Lin Mu walked over slowly, a hint of murderous intent in his eyes. They've tried to assassinate me time and time again. Do they really think I'm that good-natured?

The captain was horrified. He stared at Lin Mu, his eyes filled with fear and a dawning despair. A single move had been enough to show him he was no match for Lin Mu.

Lin Mu stood over the captain, looking down at him with a cold glint in his eyes. But just as he was about to make his move, he raised an eyebrow. His body flickered and vanished from the spot.

BOOM!

A muffled explosion echoed. A smoking, soccer-ball-sized crater had appeared where Lin Mu had just been standing. The faint smell of gunpowder hung in the air.

A sniper rifle! The captain was stunned for a moment, then overjoyed. I'm saved!

"Kid, you're dead meat!" the captain yelled, looking at Lin Mu nearby as he burst into laughter.

"Is that so?" A faint smile touched Lin Mu's lips as his gaze drifted toward a nearby building.

"To tell you the truth, the one taking action this time is the renowned..."

BANG!

Before the captain could finish, his head exploded like a watermelon, splattering blood and brain matter everywhere. The headless corpse collapsed to the ground.

"Idiot," Lin Mu said flatly. The man had tried to expose the assassin's identity, only to be silenced by that very same assassin.

Lin Mu felt nothing. He simply began walking slowly toward the building.

BANG!

Another gunshot rang out. Lin Mu's figure swayed, and the bullet landed just two centimeters from his foot. The resulting cloud of dust even touched his pant leg. But Lin Mu's expression remained unchanged.

"An AWM? Interesting." A knowing smile played on Lin Mu's lips as he continued walking forward.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Three consecutive bullets whistled through the air, but Lin Mu evaded each one with precision. They didn't just miss him; they didn't even graze his clothes.

Atop a distant building, a sniper in a gray ghillie suit watched the figure below, his pupils contracting slightly. I've been a hitman for so many years, what kind of target haven't I encountered? But this is the first time I've ever seen a master like Lin Mu.

Licking his lips, the sniper's eyes glinted with a rare fire. It's been so many years since I've faced a master like this. My blood is starting to boil.

CLICK!

The sniper quickly swapped magazines, pulled the bolt, chambered a round, and squeezed the trigger.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Three sniper rounds tore through the air. They traced three separate, cold arcs, whistling toward Lin Mu in a triangular formation.

The first bullet missed, dodged.

The second bullet struck to his left, also a miss.

Lin Mu's figure suddenly reappeared.

BANG!

Just then, the final bullet struck his body directly. The bullet had hit its target.

The sniper smirked, a hint of contempt in his eyes. His signature triple-shot technique was famous in his circle; no one could evade it.

Well, almost no one.

Years ago, when he had just mastered the move, he had encountered a formidable opponent who used his own flawless marksmanship to shoot the third bullet out of the air. He had been utterly shocked at the time. Two years later, he heard that man had died tragically during a five-star mission. Otherwise, he would have loved to test his skills against him again.

The sniper quickly pushed the distracting thoughts from his mind and looked down. He just needed to confirm the kill, clean up the scene, and report back. But when he looked, the sniper got the shock of his life.

Down below, there was no body.

Could he still be alive? Did he escape? The sniper found it impossible to believe. He knew the power of the AWM all too well. Its bullets could tear a massive hole through a person's body, leaving no chance of survival.

The only explanation is... what I hit was just an afterimage. I didn't actually hit the target. The sniper broke into a cold sweat at his own conclusion and frantically scanned the area through his scope. But he found nothing.

How is this possible! he thought, his shock growing. No body, no blood. It meant he had indeed hit an afterimage. My guess was right!

A trace of unwillingness showed in the sniper's eyes, but he made the decision to retreat without hesitation. The rule was absolute: if the first shot fails, retreat immediately. His instructor had drilled it into him, but this failure was infuriating.

However, just as the sniper turned to leave, his vision suddenly went dark. He raised his head in confusion and saw a figure standing silently right behind him.